

Good morning Eric
And now for something completely different
When you get the chance, please confirm

They are not born pink.
The Danville News
Robert John Andrews
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“National Pink Flamingo Day”
Word Count: 750

Color us fun. It was a good idea, and, years ago, it had a decent run. On August 13, 2002 it was begun. One of my many failings is believing that all grand ideas naturally will be welcomed, adopted, applauded. This idea, alas, never got the traction or recognition it deserved. It seems time for a revival. You too are invited to join this national movement. Let’s revive National Pick Flamingo Day this August 13. Why? Because we can. Why? Because we could use some frivolous frolic. Why? Because flamingoes depend on you. Why? Mostly because the world could stand to lighten up. What better way to lighten up than to decorate your lawn with plastic pink flamingos. We even gave out an annual Pink Flamingo bobble-head award.

Dig out that abandoned pink flamingo Hawaiian shirt. It may not fit. So what? Get tacky. Go pink! We choose the lightness of the loony. A Marx Brother movie might also be warranted. Groucho: “Those are my principles and if you don’t like them – well, I have others.” So too Ernie Kovacs episodes. We could use a tonic dose of the Nairobi Trio. Or from ‘The Far Side:’ Mason jar falls from the sky and breaks. A gaggle of naked humans escape, gleefully rushing forth. Says God above: “Uh-oh.” August 13 seems the perfect day. It happens to be the anniversary of my ordination. God’s joke, like a dancing Flamingo playing with a yo-yo.

Whenever our times augur sadness, in a world oft brought near the tragic brink, amidst all the hurts that fuel our dour madness, we beckon you to turn from dark to winsome pink. We refresh worn souls, now aglow, when’er we fancy the Pink Flamingo.

Phoeniconais ruber ruber is a bird to be admired. Flamingoes form groups to care for each other. They’re webbed footed so they can walk on soft mud without sinking. They have long legs so they can wade into deeper waters. They sport a bent bill so they can drag it parallel to the bottom of lake or river flat, filtering water, trapping food. They aren’t born pink. Their feathers turn pink because of what they eat, those tasty shrimp. What you consume, colors you. Color us fun. When the going gets tough, it’s time . . . for a party!

Chill out. Get perspective. After all, what’s it to you? Why do you let things bug you? Why so defensive, looking for a fight? Is everything taken as a personal affront? Frankly, you’re not that important. We can be such Eeyores. Any fans out there of Winnie-the-Pooh? Do you see yourself in those stories? Are you big-hearted Pooh bear, timid Piglet, bossy Rabbit, bouncy Tigger, pontificating Owl, motherly Kanga, adventurous Roo, gloomy Eeyore?

Winnie-the-Pooh: “What day is it?” Christopher Robin: “It’s today.” Winnie-the-Pooh: “My favorite day.”

Have you watched the movie, 'Christopher Robin?' Christopher Robin has grown into a mature and stressed out business man. Pooh comes to London to find his old friend. They find each other on a park bench. Christopher Robin panics over this talking stuffed bear. Rushing through the streets, Christopher tries to hide Pooh under his coat, in a telephone booth. "People don't like things that are different," Christopher explains. "So I shouldn't be me?" Pooh asks.

Do you need a Mayan worry doll? I keep one from Honduras on my library desk. She's two inches tall, wears a scarf and colorful dress. When worry brings you down, legend tells, place her under your pillow at night. Go to bed. Worry Doll will transform your worries into wisdom and insight.

Never trust people bereft of delight. Are you fed up feeling apathetic? When did you last enjoy lush cleansing laughter? Maybe what we worry about really doesn't deserve our worry compared to those real worries. Do you want to know the secret to happiness? Stop worrying about being happy.

Christopher Robin, middle-aged: "There's more to life than balloons and honey." Winnie-the-Pooh: "Are you sure?"

Pink Flamingo, Pink Flamingo, I adore your plastic torso. Our lawn ornament tableau. Magic August 13, pink on grass so green, let's dismiss the routine. Some say it's tacky. Some say it's wacky, True, it is knicknacky. Phoeniconais ruber ruber, the world will concur, is the bird we prefer. Why revile? Simply smile. Sure it's juvenile. So join the style. Flamingoes, marvelous flamingoes, who is so dull as to oppose? You deserve a day of your own, for all love simply is a loan.